Congo News Letter

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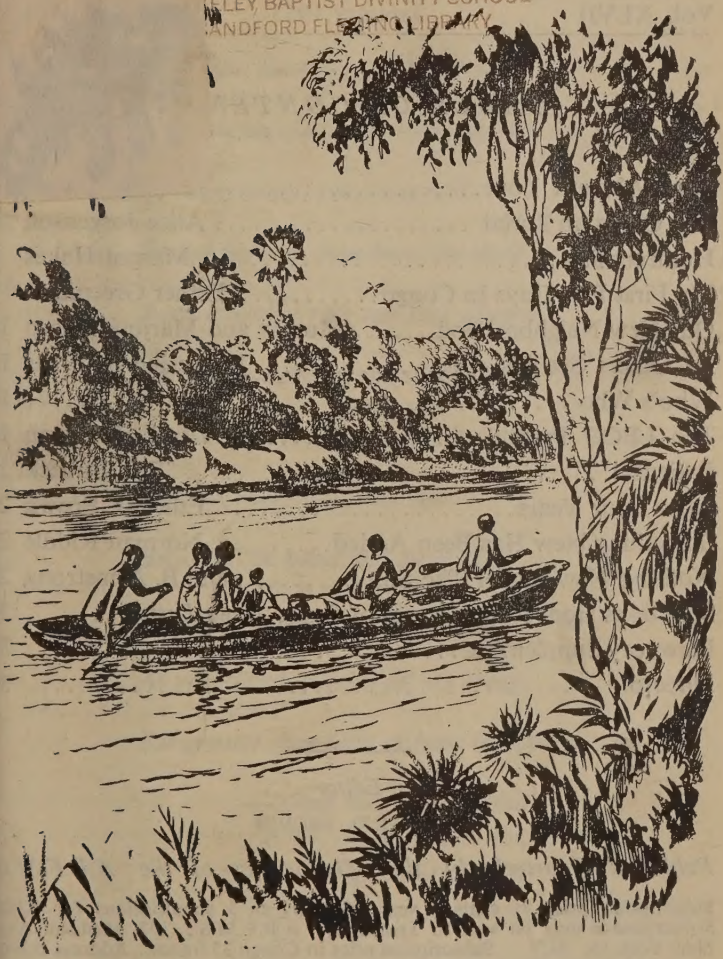

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JANUARY 1955

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLVII January 1955 No. 1

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Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

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Now Abideth Love

As I have loved you, beloved flock,

Love one another ! It is your mark

Of discipleship, yea, your task

To lighten with your love, the dark.

Regard neither race nor face of man

But with guileless vision search kin

Within my fold. One family bought,

Led out, redeemed from sin.

Better to be blind and dumb than

To distort a brother. If you profess Me

As your Lord, cherish all my sheep.

For greater than faith or hope is charity.

— "*And now abideth faith,*
hope, charity, these three;
but the greatest of these
is charity." I Cor. 13 : 13.

— JANET BOONE

THE CHRISTIAN BURIAL

ALICE JORGENSON

THE medical work here at Boko is small and will have to be built up gradually. We have no hospital buildings and the dispensary is housed in a small building which later will be used as a workman's home; hospitalized patients are cared for in a straw hut. The buildings will come, of that we are assured, but it is more difficult to build up confidence and trust in the hearts of a people who have for centuries been deluded by the Evil One, and who are surrounded by such a maze of fears, superstitions, taboos and evil practices, that it all seems like a stone wall. So much of ill that comes to them, they attribute to the evil forces which are so real to them, and fetishes are their only protection. Our glorious message for them is that there is a Spirit that can penetrate that wall of stone, and set them at liberty. He can fill their hearts with Light and dispell the darkness in which they have lived. This is a work of patience, requiring much prayer as we put our shoulders to the wheel and pull together. It can be done as each one at his appointed task, gives and lives the Gospel in church work, in medical work, in the school out in the villages and in building the new buildings, which will be the outward manifestation of a growing mission work.

Returning from a recent evangelistic tour, Mr. Robbins told this story which will illustrate the great need of this area. Upon arriving in the village in the evening, Mr. Robbins found that a young man had died that day and that preparations were being made for the funeral to take place the next day. Many months before, the young man had been ill and had gone to Kenge for an operation, but returned to the village apparently well. One day some months later he was hunting in the forest and had gotten an antelope. While caring for the meat, he was suddenly taken with a violent headache. From that time on he would suffer periodically with these headaches, the last one having come the previous Sunday. On that day the young man called all the people together and told them that he was going to die, and that he would die on Wednesday. He further told them that he did not want them to

have any heathen ceremonies, he had accepted Christ as his Saviour, he was a protestant and wanted a Christian burial. The people all began to wail and continued to do so. The pastor tried to stop them but could not. On Wednesday the young man died. In the evening when Mr. Robbins arrived the chief came to ask what they should do. Should they sound the drum announcing to the villages that someone had died, calling them together for heathen ceremonies? The chief had previously expressed himself as wanting to be a follower of Christ, so Mr. Robbins pointed out that if he wished to follow Christ he would not carry out such practices at any time and especially not for a Christian who had requested a Christian burial. The next morning Mr. Robbins gathered the people together for a service. He spoke to them using the story of Lazarus and the rich man who died and pointed out the difference in the fate of the believer and the unbeliever after death. The chief decided not to sound the drum, but to have a Christian burial. After prayer Mr. Robbins left to visit some villages in that area. When he returned about 4 : 30 he found the people just leaving the village with the body. Why the long delay? This is what was found upon inquiry: It is customary in heathen burial ceremonies to carry the body around the village and in doing so they are guided by the spirit of the departed as to the direction to take and the place of burial. They themselves cannot decide, and if a person is buried contrary to the indication given by his spirit some disaster will befall the village. They had had a Christian service and then tried to carry the body out to bury it, but could not go on. They seemed to be hindered by some force. Then they decided to sound the drum and go on with their own native ceremonies. This was done and they circled the village time after time but no leading was given. They sat down not knowing what to do. Then someone spoke up saying that the man was a Christian and had requested a Christian burial. "We must bring all our fetishes and burn them, for as long as we have fetishes and images to worship we cannot give this young man a Christian burial." This was done and then the procession started again, and immediately they felt that they could take the body out to a certain spot and bury it there. Their explanation was that as long as they had the fetishes the evil one was being served and they could not

have freedom to go on with a Christian service. As soon as thes evil implements had been destroyed they were given liberty, sinc satan was no longer served and honored. Oh, how they need help They need teaching, counselling and guidance in Christian living This is given faithfully, but the people are many and the worker are few.

Coming back to Congo has been a real spiritual experienc for me. I dreaded the thought of leaving my mother, who ha been very ill and was advanced in age. Many of you know that remained at home for a year because of her illness. God graciousl heard our prayers and restored her to us. In spite of the need a home, the call to return to Congo could not be ignored. I knew o the need at Moanza and Boko, both without medical workers We thank God that there is now a doctor at Moanza and Bok also has a nurse.

You who stand with lifted eyes facing the future, you who ar listening for a voice to guide you in the use of your young life — let Christ speak to you and show you what you must choose an where you must serve in order to make your life count for th most. Here are young lives waiting, seeking, hoping that they to may know the incomparable riches that are found in Christ Throw your life into the gap and give your all to the master

HOMECOMING

MARGOT HAKES

ALL during the long Belgian winter, which lasted from September to September this year, fellow missionaries wrote from Congo or stopped in Brussels to bolster up our morale and set our sights once more on our ultimate goal. The essence of these messages of encouragements was always the same "You will find Congo and your work there well worth the struggle of a year in Belgium learning French." Now that year has ended, and we have arrived in the land to which we have so long looked forward. Everywhere we go, the question is the one we

had anticipated: "How do you like Congo? Is it all that you had thought it would be, and what are your first impressions?" I can think of no better answer than the one expressed by one of my friends who arrived at her station in another part of Congo at the same time I came here. She wrote: "I'm sure you know what I mean when I say, 'It's so *good* finally to be home.'" I do know what she means, for Congo is home and it is good to be here, not because it means the end of a year of difficult study in Belgium, not because it is a new and exciting country, but because this is the place and the work and these are the people to whom God has called me; this is the beginning of my service for Him. And though I am sure that I have yet to experience the discouragements and disillusionments which they say come to every missionary during his first term, I am equally sure that there lie in store for me some very joyous experiences of work and fellowship and sharing in Jesus Christ. So in a strange land, among strange people, I am indeed "at home."

First impressions are always, I suppose, somewhat confused. Perhaps I shall always remember clearly my first sight of the muddy water of the Congo River stretching out into the sea, and tall palm trees along a shore which otherwise did not look one bit "tropical" to me. And my first drive over the red hills from Matadi to Banza Manteke, with the road winding around until it seemed that we must surely be going in circles! I shall not forget either, my welcome to Sona Bata a few days later, when nurses and students at the hospital and school children in front of the church sang hymns of greeting. But though I have thought that I should remember always the details of those first days when everything was new, they are slipping away already. I am left with a bright but confused pattern of schools with their endless busy classes, hospitals with lines of waiting patients, native villages through which run the inevitable small children and goats, churches filled to overflowing, and the joys of greeting old friends and meeting new ones. Oh yes, and waking every morning to the realization, ever new and full of wonder: this is Congo; this is home.

Bit by bit, however, the pieces of this place and this life sort themselves out and become not just new scenes and experiences, but a part of a whole that has meaning. It was toward the end

of my second week in Congo that I paused one afternoon in the little valley between the two hills that form Sona Bata and looked down at the road beneath my feet. And there I saw the prints of many, bare feet, small and large, crossing and recrossing in the dry sand which the rains had not yet packed hard. And I thought, these who have passed by this place are my people, whom God has given me to love and to teach. And I thought, what is it that has brought them here, the ones who go up and down these hills? Then I began to look back over what I had seen in the days just past, and to find the reason and the answer.

I saw the marching feet of hundreds of students at Kimpese on their way to Chapel — "Congo's future," said a missionary standing beside me. I heard again the shuffle of the feet of many mothers who had brought their little ones to Baby Clinic in a village many miles from their own. And I thought of the tired feet that climb the hill daily to our hospital and are able to go away with the firmer step of a new hope. In the mud and thatch buildings of our Primary School, I saw small bare feet twisted about the legs of the desks, feet that moved restlessly in the dust in spite of the wonders of education. And early in the morning, I heard the whisper of feet on the floor of the church, as the children gathered for prayers. I thought of the many feet that walk across our porch every day — the teachers with their lesson books to be signed, the girl whose father has died, the boy with the mail and the one who wants to buy stamps or sell eggs, the teacher who has come to help me learn his language, and always the school children — some bold, some hesitant, each with his problem or his question.

What has brought them here, the ones who go up and down these hills? They have come seeking — education, medicine, advice, help of one kind or another. And they have found that which they sought and often something more. Many have found Christ as their Saviour, and with Him a new purpose and a new goal for their lives. And they have stayed on, seeking further, learning, growing. There are among them the strong and the weak, the happy and the sad, the dedicated and the selfish, for they are human, these folk. But they are here, and that is the first step.

When I first came to Sona Bata, the school children were

building a new road outside of our house. Now that road is used every day by people passing to and from school, church, hospital and village. But it is not the only road being built and used here. These who have passed by seeking, and having found have gone or have stayed to help and to be helped, these are building a road on which many will walk in the days to come. It is a road from darkness into light that those who go up and down these hills are building in the sandy soil — "a highway for our God." And because God has called me to help in the building of that road, in the making of the rough places plain that the feet of Congo may find their way to Him, it is indeed so *good* finally to be home.

MY FIRST FEW DAYS IN CONGO

ESTHER GREENMUN

MY first few days in Congo were primarily spent in asking myself over and over again if it were really true. Had I actually finally arrived in the country which was to be my home and toward which I had been looking for so long? Perhaps part of the seeming unreality of my being here arose from the fact that it had happened so quickly. I had expected to leave Belgium the latter part of November by boat arriving in Congo the middle of December. Instead, I received a telephone call on September 9th informing me of a plane reservation and less than five days later, after the hectic scramble of securing visa, medical clearance, and of course of packing, I found myself stepping off the airplane in Leopoldville.

What a thrill that was! The rain was forgotten as I greeted the many friends waiting to welcome me to Congo and met others whose names were so familiar that they already seemed like old friends, too.

Leopoldville is surely a city of contrasts — sections of grass huts and crowded living quarters as compared with the lovely modern six-story apartment houses going up; the native open air markets as compared with the modern department stores. Visit-

ing the ivory market and watching as folks bargained for the ware was a new and interesting experience. And I shall never ceas marveling at the agility with which the women get about with thei babies on their backs and the huge loads which they carry on thei heads.

It was in Leopoldville that I attended my first baby clinic What a thrill to watch the joy of the children who received cloth ing sent in White Cross boxes by the folks at home. And to knov that our Congo babies are better cared for and much healthie since there have been clinics for them to attend for physical ex aminations and care. I have often seen white children at hom afraid of a colored person. Here the situation is entirely reverse as we see so many of the children absolutely terror stricken by th white person.

My first few days in Congo were filled with thrills, but th greatest of them all was that of coming home to Sona Bata. I was a surprise to find a lovely black top road running half th distance from Leopoldville to Sona Bata and to know that it wi soon extend all the way to Matadi. How much easier it is for tc day's missionary to get about than it was for the missionaries c only a few years ago. We drove through lovely Congo scener not the least of which was the rolling hills and my first glimpse of the various tropical trees and flowers. As we drove into Son Bata we stopped at each mission house for a moment, thus givin me the chance to greet former acquaintances and to meet othei for the first time. What a thrill it was as I walked over to the ho: pital to find the entire staff waiting under the mango tree to sin their greeting to me and then to be shown through the hospita Every bed was filled and some had two or even three charts indi ating that many patients sleeping on or around it. It was indee a joy to meet our fine nurses for the first time and as I have worke with them and become better acquainted with them, I have com to an ever increasing appreciation of and for them. The climax c my first day in my new home was that of being welcomed in sor by the school children. What a thrill that was and how they ca sing!

My first few days in Congo I felt uncomfortably like a gues I was warned to enjoy it while I could as it wouldn't last and no

can understand why. After two months I find each day filled to he brim with the most interesting, satisfying work I have ever nown. Each day brings new opportunities, new challenges, new roblems. When, several times, from a human viewpoint, some- hing has seemed impossible, I have seen how God's Grace has een more than sufficient. Miracles *do* still happen.

Probably the biggest thrill of all is in being here in the place which God has called me, knowing that He has a task for me nd knowing that He will give the strength, wisdom, and guidance meet each day's needs. What more can one ask?

OUR NEW NEIGHBORHOOD

MURRAY AND MARJORIE SHARP

SINGING, singing, everybody singing —." Along the dust roads, in the classroom, while marching, at work, or at play there is always a song in the air. One of the greatest thrills we have had in this new home of ours across the ocean is the sight of one thousand school children marching two abreast and singing 'Neath the Banner of the Cross.' It is then that we realize the extent of the work which is being done here, and yet at the same time how much more could be done if there were more personnel both African and missionary. The love of singing is inherent with these people, and it is often that their songs are made up as they go along, but quite often we recognize the tune to a hymn which we know.

On Wednesday mornings the road in back of our house is busy with the passing of many feet to and from the open-air market. The women as they walk by carrying their babies tied to their backs always have a friendly greeting. We wonder how the babies can sleep so soundly jogging along in such an uncomfortable looking position. The missionary children love to have the Congolese girls tie their dolls or teddy bears to their backs, as well as another kerchief around their heads. They proudly carry their dolls on their backs, but not with the grace of the Congolese mothers! At the market the women and a few men are seated on the ground in front of produce which they have brought to sell. We often buy tomatoes, avocadoes, bananas, and spinach. The people are very generous and often add an extra avocodo or tomato after they have quoted their price to us.

Always there are interruptions on a mission station. First it may be someone to sell an egg or two. Then it might be someone with a stalk of bananas for sale, or a chair, or a chicken, or tomatoes, or perhaps to ask a question. Even though this can be frustrating when one is trying to learn the language or do some work which needs to be done, it gives us an opportunity to hear Kikongo and try to answer in it. We never get a sentence over four words long and quite often it's only a verb, but it's surprising how

much we can communicate with them even though our vocabulary is so limited. But in spite of the language barrier, we can witness for Christ with a smile or friendly greeting.

We are still impressed with the beauty of Congo. Never have we seen such beautiful sunsets as we have from our front veranda. The Crystal mountains form a lovely backdrop for the sun as it sinks below the horizon, reflecting deep shades of red and blue across the western sky. And when the moon is full, it is actually light enough to read a newspaper. Aven though it is hot during the day, there is always a nice breeze in the evening. After waiting in Brussels for a summer which never came, we are enjoying the sunshine. Our mission station is truly beautiful, largely because the older missionaries have planted trees and grass. The avenue of palm trees, the thorny kapok tree silhouetted against a blue sky, the flambouyant, bouganvillia, and frangipani contributing their colors add much beauty to the station.

We haven't had much opportunity to see any wildlife yet, but quite often find a scorpion, centipede, lizard, bat, or formidable looking but harmless spider to keep life from getting monotonous. Before arriving in Congo we often wondered if the roads were really as bad as they were reported to be, but after driving over them both in dry weather and rainy, we feel that the reports were quite accurate!

The work at Banza Manteke has continued for seventy-five years, and during that time much progress has been made. Families are learning what it is to have a Christian home; more boys and girls are receiving an education than ever before; graduates of our mission schools are filling responsible positions with the government and in the cities. But of course there are still many people without Christ, and there are Christians who sometimes depart from the teachings of Christ. The task here is indeed great to preach Christ and to live Christ. When we see third generation Christians our hearts are encouraged because we know that the Church is progressing, that the pastors and evangelists are proving themselves faithful to their task. And as we contrast the difference between this work of seventy-five years against that in areas where our mission has been working for only a few years we see how much God is able to work in the hearts and lives of

men and women, enabling them to receive Christ freely, and give up their fetishes. The desire of both the Congolese Christian leaders and the missionaries is to see a strong African church of men and women devoted to Christ, incorporating His teachings into every phase of their lives.

As we entered the mouth of the muddy Congo river on our trip from Antwerp to Matadi, we realized anew God's faithfulness to us. One learns more than French in Belgium, and all the lessons He taught us there will be invaluable here in Congo. He has provided for our every need "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

AS OTHERS SEE US

KATHERINE S. FREAS

ONE evening, following a medical staff meeting, one of the nurses told us of an article about Sona Bata, dealing for the most part with the hospital, which appeared in a monthly magazine published in French and edited by Congolese in Leopoldville. "It is not good," he said, "it says bad things about the hospital." Upon reading it the next day, we were delighted to find in it a very accurate, fairly detailed description of our set-up, with the good as well as the bad points presented.

"Le Centre de Sona Bata" by Michel G. Epolo, with an additional note by the editor, Michel Colin, appeared in the March 1954 number of *La Voix Du Congolais*. Concerning the hospital, the author first mentions the doctors in charge and states that the patients often come here from great distances — Leopoldville, Brazzaville, Matadi and Boma. He then explains the general plan of building and its various departments: the dispensary, wards, surgical unit, maternity, and other departments.

The overcrowding of the hospital is the first thing deprecated. "Because the 105 beds in the wards and a few private rooms are insufficient, some patients have to sleep on the verandas surrounding the building, subject to the chill of the night air, rains and in

the dry season, to a penetrating, damp coldness. We also found that the cooking for the patients by the members of the family who come to care for them, is done outdoors or, if it rains, on the narrow verandas that surround the building." Actually we have one delapidated cook-house, about to fall down, which provides shelter for only a small part of the cooks. "During the day, patients who are able to be up, children and other visitors sit outdoors in the blazing sunshine because inside it is terribly hot. Would it not be possible to build a large shelter for the patients and the members of their families who come to help them? It would also be desirable to plant a good many trees to give them shade. The spring however, where one must go to obtain water, though a bit far off, is found to provide clear, pure water and its surrounding banks well cleared and clean."

"About 300 yards from the hospital is a small group of buildings called the lazaret, where the sleeping-sickness patients

used to be isolated, where patients from many different regions stay to receive treatment at the dispensary or to wait their turn to be operated on. Each of these three buildings has twelve rooms, some provided with a single bed, all are available at a very low price and all are overcrowded. The one who comes first has the right to the bed, the rest have to sleep on mats on the floor. All of these houses have cement floors, but the walls are not plastered nor whitewashed, the doors and windows are blackened by smoke. They need prompt attention in the interest of the patients occupying them."

"Electricity is generated by two mazout motors: one is used to run the sterilizing plant and light the operating room, the other produces electricity for the homes of all the missionaries and the hospital wards from six o'clock in the evening until ten. After this time, if the patients are in need of light, they use their kerosene lamps, also for *accouchements* or emergency operations kerosene pressure lamps are used."

"One day I asked if I could witness an operation and the permission was granted. I had to put on a surgeon's gown, mask and cap before entering the operation room. The patient was not afraid but my heart trembled as though I were the one who was to undergo an operation. The doctor entered, the patient had received the spinal anaesthesia and was prepared for the operation. When I saw the incision I felt my heart beat very fast, the patient lay calm and smiling, but I was trembling with fear. During the operation, no instrument was used twice."

"Every week," the editor tells in his note, "there are about 150 new dispensary patients and twenty to twenty-five admitted to the hospital. That is why there is not adequate room for everyone. The cases hospitalized receive first place in the wards. The others must stay on the verandas. I was greatly impressed, by the tact with which the medical personnel treat the patients. No shouting, no insulting remarks, no pushing people around. No sign of impatience. Each case is examined with the greatest of care and treated most conscientiously. The patients are delighted with the treatment they receive. This explains why there are such crowds of people coming to Sona Bata. I had the opportunity of conversing with the lady doctor (Dr. Carrie Sprague), she is very

young and very courteous. All the patients and nurses like her very much. Another kindly figure, well-known and appreciated by the patients for his indefatigable devotion, is Mr. Emmanuel Kimpiatu. This head nurse acted as my guide and spoke with great praise of *La Voix Du Congolais.*"

"Before saying goodbye to the patients and unknown to any of the nurses, I asked them this last question: 'Don't the nurses or their helpers ever ask you for tips for taking care of you?' They replied that this custom does not exist at Sona Bata. If anyone attempted to do so, he would be beavily fined or expelled. The members of the personnel even refuse if they are offered such a tip. Here we have the proper spirit."

So closed a very frank and revealing account of the work of our Sona Bata hospital by members of the race we have come to serve.

WHO'S WHO

Esther M. Greenmun—Additions are always welcome to our staff, but with the unusual shortage of medical workers, we are doubly thankful to have Esther join the staff at Sona Bata. She comes from Binghamton, N.Y. and is a member of the Conklin Avenue Baptist Church. She attended Ottawa University, in Kansas, then she received an R.N. from the Binghamton City Hospital. She remained there as head nurse and then was school nurse at Ottawa University, before she was appointed for service in Congo. She spent one year in Belgium in preparation for work in Congo.

Margot Hakes— We need teachers as well as nurses, so Margot has work waiting for her. After three months at Sona Bata for language study, she will go to Kikongo to teach and direct the schools there. She is from Longmeadow, Mass. and is a member of the Wayland Memorial Baptist Church in Philadelphia, Pa. She received a B. S. from the University of Mass., and then an M.R.E. from Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary. She taught nursery school while at Eastern, for one year, then was appointed as a missionary and went to Belgium for one year, required for educational work in Congo.

Murray and Marjorie Sharp — Both are members of the First Baptist in Fruita, Col., which is also Marjorie's home town, but Murray comes from Erie, Kansas. They are also partially supported by the Columbia Baptist Church in Bangor, Maine and the So. Baptist Church in South Boston, Mass. They attended Ottawa University in Kansas. Marjorie taught elementary school for two and a half years. Murray received an M. A. from Colorado State College of Education and taught for three and a half years in Kansas schools. We are especially happy to have him here to take over the direction of schools. We hope there will be many more men with his qualifications for school work. They spent a year in Belgium in preparation for educational work in Congo.

Katherine L. Freas — The article about the Sona Bata hospital, tells about the work which Dr. Freas has been doing for the past year and a half. It was with regret that we had to see Dr. and Mrs. Freas leave for U. S. prematurely. Because of Dr. Freas's illness it was necessary that he go home. Will you pray that he may be restored to full health and strength and be used for further service for the Lord and that Mrs. Freas may be sustained by God's grace?

Bert A. Ogren — The printing department of LECO is managed by Mr. Ogren. The article about the LECO Press will give you some idea of the importance of this service for the Congo people.

For other authors of articles, please see the Directory on the back cover.

THE LECO PRESS

B. A. Ogren, Press Manager, La Librairie Evangélique au Congo

FRIENDS stopping in Leopoldville often visit us at LECO. They come in and browse around and actually see what previously they had only read or heard about. Others have not seen LECO but have experienced its existence through the many books and publications that have come from its presses.

But what about LECO? Is it fulfilling the hopes of the men and women who for years had planned, discussed, and then built this much needed tool for the furtherance of Protestant Christian Education? And what of its future? Now after several years of operation we think it well to again appraise the production phases of LECO Press.

We arrived in Leopoldville the latter part of March, 1948. We struggled through the first days and weeks learning a few phrases of French and also getting to know a small staff of men who prior to this had been working in the Bookstore. The building was not quite completed nor did we have any electric power. But then came a day in May when the electricity became available. Our friend whom we had chosen as the possible operator hesitatingly and slowly cut the first tape on the Monotype Keyboard. We placed this tape on the composition caster and the results were gratifying. There were errors to be sure. In fact a well-trained compositor could have set the same amount of text quicker and with less errors by hand composition from the case. These first galleys had mistakes in nearly every line, but today, this same keyboard operator may have as few as two mistakes per book page of type.

To get into production we knew that men with experience would be invaluable. Tulanda Isaac, a devoted Mission employee for many years who had his training in small Mission presses of the lower Congo, was willing to leave his employment in Leopoldville and join our staff. In the succeeding weeks two or three other experienced Congolese printers expressed their desire to work with us. From the beginning the challenge was given the staff that LECO Press desired to become the leading printing establishment

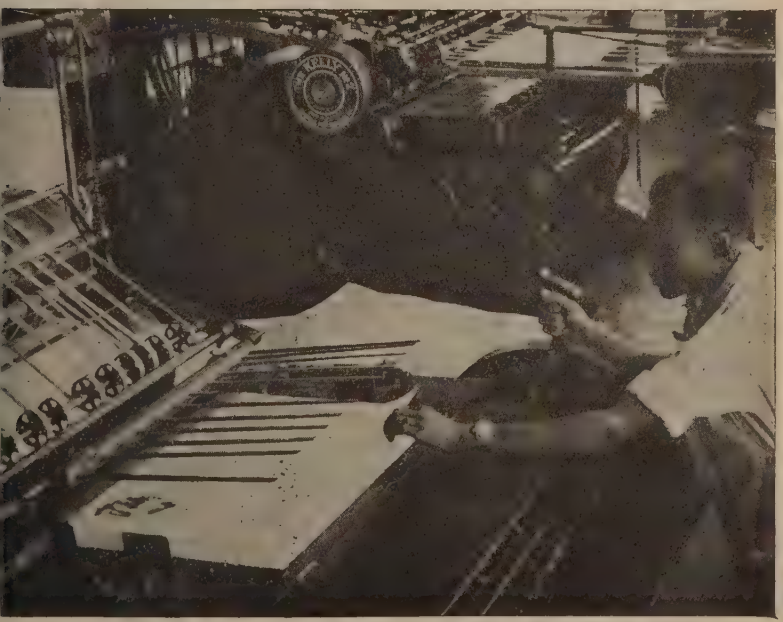
in the Belgian Congo, not from the point of view of numbers or the staff but in production per man hour and in craftsmanship.

Everything had been done to this point making it possible for us to accomplish that which was expected. A large, well lighted and ventilated part of the LECO building had been set aside for the Press. Though a great amount of money had been expended for costly printing furniture and equipment we were not as completely equipped as we might have been. This naturally curtailed our production. The cutter we used was built in 1899... all the folding had to be done by hand, so ten or twelve men did nothing but this. However it would be only a question of time until new labor-saving machinery would be in use throughout, and as funds permitted we added this new equipment. Today our printing department is quite complete and well equipped with modern printing machinery. Our Monotype consists of the Keyboard used in preparing a paper ribbon which is transferred to the Composition caster which actually makes the type. We also have a Display caster on which we cast 14 to 36 point type, spacing material, and 2 and 6 point rules. We have four presses: two platens, an $8 \times 12''$ and a $12 \times 18''$; one Wharfdale cylinder, and one Kelly Press N° 2; a Cleveland Folding machine, Smythe Sewing machine, two stitchers, a power paper cutter, and sundry items necessary for printing production.

As a result of our efforts, we have produced literature for the Congolese. Since July 1948 we have published approximately 135 books, with a minimum of 16 pages each to a few over 200 pages, making a total of about 85 million book pages. Considering that there is a population of some 12 million Natives in Belgian Congo we think that we have made a decent contribution to their literature needs. In addition to books we have printed various periodicals. The books and periodicals have been in French, English, Portuguese, and twelve African languages. The books include primers, readers, hymnals, illustrated story books, language study books, vocabularies, Bible doctrine lessons. We have printed adult literacy helps, illustrated arithmetic books, and the first complete hymnal with tonic sol-fa notation. A greater volume of books will come from LECO when more manuscripts are prepared. This is an important phase of literature production.

Finance too is a most important unit of any program —commercial or mission. Within our budget is included salaries of the African staff as well as the press manager including furlough expenditures. Our costs per hour for each particular operation were first established with some difficulty. We were not sure what our production would be, but since the first months the press department has been carrying its own financial responsibility and has been showing a slight margin of profit. We should also be able to carry the initial investment of publishing a growing number of books, but this requires continuing allocation of funds for the purpose.

LECO Press has accepted a significant challenge — that of publishing good textbooks for the Africans. We have accepted an



The Congo News Letter is printed at LECO PRESS

even deeper responsibility in preparing and distributing literature which will present in story and illustration the Christian Gospel.

Yes, LECO PRESS has an integral part in the furthering of Protestant Education and Evangelization in Africa.

PATIENCE

T. E. Bubeck

IT was stunt night at a Baptist Boys' Camp when two boys with a blanket thrown over them to represent a humble farm animal, were led by a rope in the hand of a third lad who kept repeating, "We're on our way to the market." They moved their legs as though in the act of walking while the one ahead explained, "Now we're going up hill. Here we go across the plain. Now down hill and up again on our way to the market." Up to this point we had been entertained, but the growing silence witnessed to the fact that the audience was becoming bored and someone called out "When are you ever going to get there?" That gave the leader the opportunity for which he was waiting to reply, "Patience, Jackass, Patience." Everyone laughed and the stunt was over. But was it?

With every year of my missionary career I have come to feel that the hardest lesson to learn, by far the most important and the one taken most lightly by most of us is that of patience. There are no examinations prepared by committees which young missionaries must pass and no marks recorded. It would hardly do with the dignity of our calling to advise young missionaries in the words of the lad leading the donkey. Perhaps we could say, "Patience, my young friend, patience." But that bit of advice would be less effective than the crude stunt at Camp Louise.

As a matter of fact I find that the stunt has been over-effective. Since that night I find that I can't reprove a carpenter any more for stealing nails and board-ends without that mule driver stepping up and whispering in my ear, "Patience, patience," adroitly recalling to my mind the millions of dollars worth of material which is stolen each year at home.

I recently reproved a pastor for careless accounting when

that lad from Michigan whispered, "Patience....." He deliberately pointed to two friends I had at home who are now behind bars for 'careless accounting'.

Who wouldn't get gray hair watching school boys stealing right out of the gardens? I was recently so fearfully provoked that I blew my top when up from behind came my friend from the boys camp with — Why repeat it? It was the same old phrase I have heard so many times since that summer evening at home. The constant repetition would be bad enough were it not for the fact that at times he becomes very personal and delves into my own past pointing to corn and apples, even a chicken and other items entirely too numerous to mention which the mule driver has and uncanny way of recalling.

I have never seen a more persistent visitor in all my life. His approach is never the same although the result of his visit may be. Not infrequently he quotes the Bible with such citations as, "Seventy times seven," as a measure of patience in forgiving. One day I was more provoked than usual at the number who came to ask for things. I was filled with righteous indignation at those who were taking advantage of me when my friend from Camp Louise met me with: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." And a few minutes later he continued: "Give to him that begs from you and do not refuse him who would borrow from you."

I can handle him on Scripture quotations with another text, or with, "That's taken out of its context," or "We're now living in different times," but I quit when he points to One who never lost patience with sinners. "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." "Simon, Simon, Satan hath asked for thee but I have prayed for thee." And on that tragic night to one who came to betray Him with a kiss, "Friend (what a salutation!) hast thou come?" There was no reproof for those who had earlier fled in fear but only love and patience and encouragement on that Resurrection Day.

I laughed at Camp Louise on stunt night, but still across the years, I hear my friend with the rope in hand on his way to market saying, "Patience, jackass, patience!"

AFTER FOUR YEARS

ETHEL D. BROWN

FOUR years can bring about a lot of changes in almost any place, but we now find that this institution has grown beyond expectation. When we left in 1950 there was a population of about seven hundred people in this community, but now there are about a thousand. There were one hundred students then, but now there are about three hundred. Many of the men students now are unmarried, so with the addition of students, we do not add women and children in an equal number to former years.

You may recall what comprises our institution, but just to refresh your minds, I shall tell you briefly about it. It is primarily a training school for pastors and teachers. In French it is called *Ecole de Pasteurs et d'Instituteurs*. We use the three initials of this title and call ourselves EPI (pronounced "eppy"). EPI began over forty years ago with a handful of promising men who desired special teaching and training so they could go to their villages as evangelists and teachers. All through the years such men have been coming to EPI, and with the years their educational standard has grown as well as their number being increased almost a hundredfold. We have not only the schools for training the men who will become leaders, but their wives and their children are also in school. As time passed and there became a need for a practice school for those who were going to be teaching school, children were brought in from other stations, so as to form a school with sufficient grades for the men to get practice teaching as they learned.

The government does not have schools for the children of Congo, so the missions have established as many as they could take care of in order that the children may get an education. About four years ago, we began receiving subsidies from the government for our schools if they came up to a certain standard. This started a building program and the schools grew by leaps and bounds. In order to give the protestant young people of Congo an opportunity to receive an education the missions have given their efforts very strongly to developing Christian schools. As

time goes on the students become younger when they enter EPI, so that now about one third of the students are married, and the rest are young men in their late teens and early twenties.

There are three major schools, one for pastors, one for "monitors" or teachers, and one is a secondary school for training teachers on a slightly higher level than the "monitors," school. The men in the pastors' course have had four years previously at Kimpese and have been in the mission work for several years, but have come back for further training in specialized theological courses and pastoral preparation. When they get this diploma, they will be qualified for ordination. These are the men who will lead the Church of Christ in Congo in the coming years.

The "monitors" get a four year course which fits them for teaching in our station and village schools. The Secondary school requires six years which brings the students to the level of our high schools in the U.S., but qualifies them for teaching in the primary and secondary schools here in Congo.

The wives of the men have their own school where the classes are adapted to their abilities to learn. A few are able to attend the monitors' school, and if they finish, they will receive a diploma qualifying them for teaching. One of our women is now in the fourth year; when she graduates next Spring, she will be the first woman to receive such a diploma. The married students' children who are of school age, as well as a large number who come from the nearby mission stations as boarders make up the practice school.

Every school and every class taught at EPI has a strong Christian emphasis. They learn secular subjects, but every teacher is a consecrated Christian who is eager to give these young people a foundation which will be lasting, to train people to serve Christ, no matter whether they are to be pastors, teachers or wives, or children who are growing up, the aim of all who are teaching them is to prepare them to serve and witness for Christ as their Saviour and to win others to Him. That is one reason that the work here is so satisfying, the group is a selected one and we are training the best that the missions can produce. Another aspect of this institution is that they are in training twenty-four hours a day; it is not just in the class room that we meet them, our whole

community is organized on a basis of ideal Christian living. They are able to practice here what they learn to be the principles of Christian living in family and other relationships.

There are three missions cooperating in this institution, the English Baptists, the Swedish Covenant Mission of Sweden and our own. The students come from these three mission areas, with a few exceptions. It is an outstanding institution of protestant missions in Congo and has gained the respect of government officials as well as others who have had contact with the people going from here. EPI has changed greatly in the past few years, but one thing has not changed, that is the spirit. The same eagerness for learning and devotion to the cause of Christ which existed among the first few men who came here, still exists with the larger number of students we have now. We have a missionary staff of 18 and an African staff of 16, but still we are not enough for the nearly one thousand people living here and being taught daily.

Will you please pray for EPI that it will always keep this spirit; that with the expansion the real purpose and devotion may not be compromised; that those of us who have the responsibility of training these people may have the grace and strength and wisdom to supply the intellectual and spiritual needs of this great community ?

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Norman Riddle

THE dedication of a new building is an occasion for a recapitulation of the past and for a confident look to the future. Such was the case at the formal opening of the Secondary School building at Banza Manteke. September 16 proved to be a nearly perfect day, even to the fulfillment of the wish of our builder that we have a previous rain to wash off the roof and settle the dust around the building.

The service took place in front of the school building with the audience seated on the hill which sloped down from the church. One was reminded of the yards and yards of dirt chipped away by school boys with hoes, picks, and shovels to make this slope possible. The colorful ceremony began when the scout troup marched in singing and raised the Belgian flag. They were followed by the student body in double file wearing their varicolored uniforms: the Secondary School and second year Apprentice-teachers in white, first year Apprentice-teachers and grammar school in khaki, Home Economics in yellow dresses and kerchiefs, and Primary girls in blue and red. The singing of the Belgian National Anthem was followed by "All Hail to Thee Immanuel," also in French.

The important task of Master of Ceremonies was ably handled by Rev. Harry Brown, Legal Representative and Acting Secretary, who also spoke words of gratitude and appreciation on behalf of the Mission. His words carried added weight since he himself had taught in the old building for two years. Mr. Arvid Stenstrom brought greetings and encouragement from our union school for pastors and teachers at Kimpese, and the Sector chief responded on behalf of the African Community. Tata Malutama, one of the station co-pastors, expressed the deep gratitude of the church. Retrospect was provided by Miss Mary Bonar as she reminded us of the start of all education years ago on the old site and introduced one of the first pupils, Timothy Vingadio, who is the other co-pastor here. In a real sense this day was to her one of deep fulfillment, for it was she who pioneered in starting the

Secondary School long before the building was planned.

This occasion was also the crowning of the work of "Scotty" and his men. Though the building had already been started before his arrival, it was due to his leadership and organization that it was completed in time and so well. The head mason, head carpenter, and chaffeur were presented with short speeches from the first two, and "Scotty" expressed his desire that his work be approved most of all by Jesus Christ.

The main address was given by the Administrator in which he put into words the great interest of the government in the school already manifested by seventy per cent of the cost. After the benediction he presented medals and bars to a large group of Africans for their work of at least fifteen years with the mission. The guests were then shown the assembly hall, the office, the library-museum, the six, large, pastel-colored class rooms, the spacious dormitories, and the long eating and cooking building.

As satisfying as the day was to us even more so is the prospect for the future. There is the continued pleasure of teaching in pleasant surroundings conducive to study. There is also the strategic importance of the school which can be seen in the fact that there are only two other Secondary schools in all of the Lower Congo: the one at Kimpese and a Catholic one. When we think of raising the training standards of pastors and teachers and medical staff, we must plan in terms of school beyond primary degree. Thus it is that the opening of the Secondary School building is directly related to our great task of sufficiently training Congolese leadership for the future. Something new has indeed been added and we give thanks to God.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

(Not even under a hot Congo sun.)

RHODA AND BEN ARMSTRONG

BACK to our Congo home after a year's absence. Hot weather. Smiling faces. Lots of work. Letters of greeting that say:

"Welcome back to the finest missionary family, barring none."

"Welcome back to the joys and the satisfactions of achievement, to the heartaches and headaches and weary hours."

"The harder the task, the greater the challenge. Be assured of our loyal support and prayers."

It so happened that one of our first tasks was to look through some old *Congo News Letters.* Such a job is always fascinating, but it seemed especially so this time with the fresh perspective of just coming from America. We soon wished we had time enough to sit down and read through the whole file, dating back several decades. How familiar the words sounded when the subject was the need for new missionaries. How surprising it seemed that some of the problems which are so real to us now were being dealt with, long before we came to Congo the first time! Again and again we said "There is nothing new under the sun."

But there is something new under the sun. When we read the accounts of the intrepid pioneers, and the physical hardships they underwent, with courage and grace and a smile, we know that we have never been asked to suffer hardship. So we decided that in physical and material realms, the Congo has changed rapidly and completely; but that in the realm of the Spirit, the people are still human beings, sinners in need of a Savior, those who have accepted Christ are still sheep needing shepherds, and there is still a great task to be done in which we can all join with labor, financial gifts, and prayer.

SELECTIONS FROM FORMER ISSUES of Congo News Letter

Where we have seen changes:

1898—"It was not more than a fifty-fifty chance that a new mis sionary would complete three years in Congo."

1887—"My husband went to prayer meeting, taking our littl lamp with him. I was left at home with a candle."

1922—"Tea and cake were served by the missionaries in the rail road station while we waited for the train."

1930—"I looked at a vast expanse of land without a sign of culti vation, and wondered how long it would be befor Congo would be in a state of hurry and flurry."

Sometimes dreams do come true and plans mature:

1920—"Come, then, let us make a new venture of faith and hav a well-staffed, well-equipped, centrally located unio hospital in the lower Congo. No more central locatio could be found than in the general region of Kimpese Native assistants and nurses would be trained fo dispensary and outstation work."

Progress and problems, familiar even today:

1886—"Hundreds were converted. They burned their fetishe and turned to the Lord."

1922—"We are fast learning that patience is the chief Christia virtue in Congo."

—"In agony of spirit the EPI Board faced and grappled wit a proposition and problems with which we are all to familiar in Congo, namely that of making provision fo a work without available workers."

1925—"We thank God and the home churches and take courag because of the arrival of new, well equipped missio aries. Had their number been exactly doubled, only th most urgent needs of our staffing problem would hav been met."

1938—"Pentecost at Vanga."

1941—"We are not here to drive or force the Congo Christia to a faster pace in Christian development but to walk b side them, yoked with them as we are yoked with Chris lifting and carrying a share of their load."

PRAYER NEEDS

Medical Workers — In the Spring, two doctors go on furlough, leaving only one doctor and five nurses to serve the six stations which have established medical work. Please pray that this work may be provided for, that the urgently needed doctors and nurses may respond to the call to come over and help us.

Expanding Leopoldville — The city has grown beyond the expectation of us who have been in close touch constantly. These thousands who are streaming in need spiritual ministry. Pray for the workers to come and help, and the African workers to hear the call to help their fellow-men.

African Leaders — Pray that strong leaders, who have vision may be raised up to bear the responsibilities which they must take over as rapidly as possible.

DIRECTORY SUPPLEMENT

IN BELGIUM — new appointees, studying French for one year:
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clark
Miss Rhoda Nielson, R.N.
Miss Elizabeth Spinney, R.N.
— on furlough, special study for three months:
Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Uhlinger

N U. S. — completing preparations for service in Congo:
Miss Margaret Alsen
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnett
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stabell
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stuart

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* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*
† *All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi*
‡ *For air-mail add — and Léopoldville.*

See Directory Supplement — p. 31